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ABSTRACT

This magazine contains literary pieces/writings by 31 new writers in the southeastern United States. The works span a broad range of topics: remembering times past, reflections on special people, social concerns, family life, and work. Authors' comments or autobiographical notes and photographs accompany the pieces. Titles include the following: "A Serious Accident," "My Early Memories," "Work," "How Things Were When I Was Small," "People," "Life," "A Life Time Dream," "My Trip," "A Story about My Dad," "Little Grandson," "Bluffing Your Way through Life," "Sunday Morning Breakfast," "Summer in the Country," "My Grandfather," "The Story of Sandy Brooks," "Mama," "Loving You," "Dinner at Church," "In the Late 30's and Early 40's," "Hog Hunting," "Listen," "Aunt Emma," "A Beautiful Woman," "Hard Times," "My People," "Hope," "Making Mud Pies," "Big Sister," "My Goals," "Grandmother," "Memories of 1964," "Time Line," "The Garden," "Memorable Moments," and "What Is Stress?" "How To Use Student Writing in the Classroom" (Jereann King) follows the pieces and offers suggestions for the literacy class, office waiting rooms, libraries, and other community settings. Biographical notes of those literacy students who participated on the advisory editorial board are appended. (YLB)

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Literacy South believes that people have the right to read, write and express themselves, and to learn in ways that show respect for diversity and honor wisdom, history and culture...

Mission statement of Literacy South
May 12, 1990

Literacy South provides training, research, evaluation, technical assistance and advocacy for participatory literacy programs in the Southeast. Literacy South receives support from the Z. Smith Reynolds Foundation, the William and Flora Hewlett Foundation, UPS Foundation, the Mary Reynolds Babcock Foundation, the Hearst Foundation, Apple Computer Corporation, and individual contributors. Literacy South is a member of North Carolina Community Shares.

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FRONT COVER PHOTO OF ARCELL MAGEE BY HERB WELCH

not by myself...

"Well, I like being here
working with others;
I know I'm not
by myself."

"I like this. She said don't feel ashamed. I can relate to this."

"In this piece I think the writer should tell more specific things. It is too general."

contents

Arch Sparks 2
Paul Overcash 4
Willie Haney 5
Tutti Felsher 6
Jeff Edwards 7
Charlie Mixon 8
John Montgomery 9
Wanda Leatherwood 10
Joyce Anderson 11
Velma Bass 12
Anza Shaw Langley 15
Gwen Cash 16
Ida Alston 17
Walter McDonald 18
Henry Boyd 20
Richard Wilson 21
Eckerd Kenion 22
Annie Taborn 23
Ben Burton 24
Macie Bare 25
Arcell Magee 26
Sheila Dufrene 28
Hazel Rose 29
Anonymous 30
Victor Roby III 31
Sally Smith 32
Darlene Parish 34
Patricia Steele 35
Donnie Hawley 36
Veronica Burt 37
Jasper Bullock 38
How to Use Student Writing 41
The Student Advisory Board 42

"I like this— it is a story about someone who is very smart but they're not educated."

"I think this needs a new title."

"This is just a little writing, but it brings out a whole lot of meaning."

And so it went as literacy students helped each other and the Literacy South staff create a new magazine, **Not By Myself.**

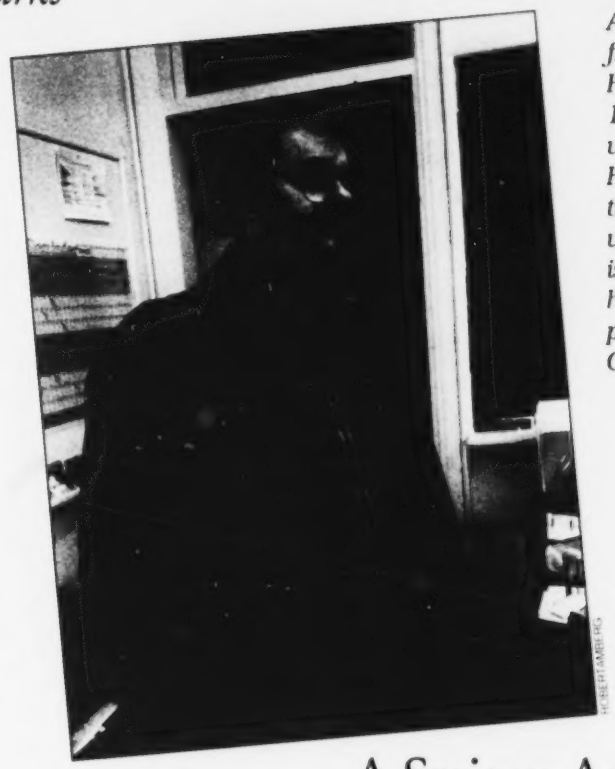
This is Literacy South's first effort in publishing the work of new writers in the southeastern United States. From the beginning, we wanted to involve students in helping us create this publication, so we invited ten students from programs with which we were working in North Carolina to be a student advisory board for this issue. These students met three times to discuss what being an editor means, how to choose pieces for the magazine, what makes a piece of writing interesting and to make suggestions for a title. Students also commented on typefaces and size of letters.

Students took a lot of leadership in this process. They described the process to other students in their programs and encouraged them to submit pieces. Because we had so many pieces submitted, we could not go over all of them at our meetings so we mailed packets to students who worked on them in their literacy programs and brought back their opinions to us. We are very excited about the ways in which students kept this process connected to their own literacy programs.

The students' advice was important as we worked on the magazine. We are very grateful to Archie Alston, Juanita Branch, Richard Brown, David Case, Theresa Hanner, Lavonne Myrick, Thomas Rice, Alberta Roseman, Joseph Umstead, and Curtis Yellock for their time, insights, and caring for us, each other, and students in their programs.

As one student said, "I've never published a magazine before!" Well, Literacy South hasn't either, but we had a wonderful time and we hope all who read this will too!

Arch Sparks



Arch Sparks retired from Ohio to Henderson, NC in 1986 after 38 years with Union Carbide. He spends his leisure time traveling and visiting his family. He is doing research on his ancestors' participation in the Civil War.

A Serious Accident

The time was about 8:15 am, February 8th, 1981. We had just shut #23 furnace down for repair. You should know that it is a huge electrical furnace that produces alloy metals. The product is used in the making of steel.

There were about ten people assigned to work in different areas on the furnace. My buddy and I were to do a job on the very top floor.

We went up to check the job and see what tools we would need. While on the way down to get the tools, we passed several crews already at work. One crew on the third floor was using a high-pressure air hose.

I was walking in front of my buddy. Just as I got to the top of the stairwell, the hose came apart! The end with the pressure on it started to flop around. Before I could get out of the way it struck me in the side!

The force knocked me down on the stairwell to the second floor. I was in a daze, and came close to passing out. They took me to the dispensary, where the doctor examined me. He then sent me to the hospital for x-rays. There were no broken bones, so they thought I was only badly bruised, and sent me home.

That night I went to bed around 10:00 o'clock. The next morning Elaine got up about 7:00 o'clock. About fifteen minutes later I got up. I did not feel well and had to lie down again. Then I did pass out, and they called the ambulance. At the hospital they discovered that I had a ruptured spleen.

After five hours on the operating table, three days in intensive care and five more days in a regular ward I went home.

Before the doctor released me, he told me I was a very lucky man, that had I been twenty minutes later arriving at the hospital there would have been little hope for me.

I am thankful for the medical and personal help I received.

My Early Memories

As a boy growing up on a farm, I remember the good things about growing up on a farm, the closeness of our family and all the things we did together.

My parents raised thirteen children. We worked together, we played together, and we watched over and protected each other. It was a hard life but a good life. I can remember working all day in the fields, then going to the house and doing chores. Then after dinner we would play games until our parents called us in for bed.

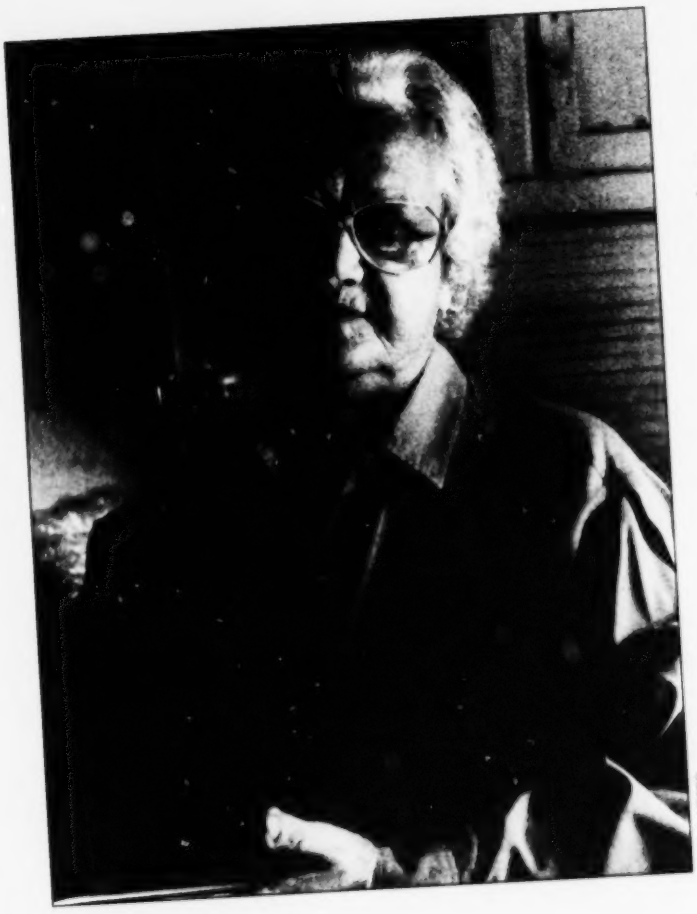
Paul Overcash

I was born in China Grove. When I was 16 I start working at Cannon. It was good money. I was a good worker but too dumb to learn how to read or write. I never go to school regular but I moved up at Cannon. Now I supervise on my shift. I can read the numbers to count picks and measure cloth. Now I can learn to read stories and books.

Work

I don't like work
but it's something I have to do to make a living
I have to
tell people their mistakes
walk
squat
count picks
check inches of yard per cloth
look at cloth for defects
I go from loom to loom to do that
I get mad when
things don't go right
the boss don't seem like he's listening to me
I wish that people would understand that I had a job to do too.

Willie Haney



I liked working at the tomato plant separating ripe tomatoes from green ones. I like to crochet and embroider and I like to go to learn to read.

How Things Were When I Was Small

I liked helping my mother in the garden. We canned corn and beans. What I liked to do the most was helping mother fill cans.

Tutti Felsher

Tutti is the mother of two children. She is single and enjoys cooking and writing poetry. Her most favorite people to talk to are older people. She likes to listen to them talk about old times.

People

I love old people. Most of them are very appreciative of the time you spend with them. They have so many true life stories that make you feel that you were there doing what they say they did. Old people make me think that when I get old and lonely, I would like to have at least one person who cares, maybe if it is just a few minutes to share with me.

Life

Life is passing through.
We are given the gift of life.
It might be long, medium or a short life.
Thats something we never know.
We should live one day at a time.
Do things in a day, for tomorrow is not a certain day.
We're just passing through this life.
We should hope that this tunnel will have at the end
eternal light.

Jeff Edwards

Jeff Edwards enjoys working with wood, building tables, but his big interests are football and basketball. Jeff began writing during the summer of 1991. He has re-enrolled in the public school system and now he intends to graduate.

A Life Time Dream

One time there was a boy. His name was Jake. When he was a kid he liked to play football. When he got in the 7th grade his dream was to play football. And his dream came true. He played football 'til he got out of school.

When he got out of school he went to college on a football scholarship. When he went through college, Jake played football so good. All of the top football teams liked Jake. They would like to have him on their team.

Jake said to all the teams, "When I was a kid, I always wanted to play football. That was my life time dream. People said dreams can't come true. But they can."

Charlie Mixon

Charlie was recently married and now works with his father-in-law as a heavy equipment operator on a logging operation. He lives in the Dana area of Henderson County, NC.

My Trip

I am going to the beach this summer. I haven't seen the ocean in my life. I am going this August with a friend. He is in the Army. He is supposed to get out soon and come and see me. We are going to have a party for him when he gets out. I am going to take my vacation when he gets home. I am going to be happy to see the sea. I have seen it on T.V. and it looks big. I hope I will get to fish while I am there. I am going to have fun.

A Story About My Dad

My dad wasn't too big. But somehow he always kept the family together somehow. He worked very hard to support the family.

He had four children and most of us didn't finish school. My dad couldn't read or write. But all of my family can write and read but me and my dad. I am trying to read and write so I don't have to be like my dad. He died about three years ago. I felt sorry that my dad never learned to read and write. I am only twenty years old and I have my whole life ahead of me.

John Montgomery

John Montgomery has lived all his life in Henderson County, NC. His big interest is reading the Bible. He and his grandson spend many happy hours together. Mr. Montgomery is a successful gardener who keeps his family and neighbors well supplied with vegetables.

Little Grandson

"No more diapers!" Lee-lee was telling this to Po-po and Mamo. "He's a big boy now. He's in training pants. He will be three in August."

He got one of those little old riding Jeeps run by a battery. He enjoys riding his little Jeep.

He gets a pencil and tries to write. He can drive my riding mower, but his feet ain't long enough to get to the pedals to shut off the switch to stop.

He's a smart little boy to catch on so quickly.

One time I got one of those garden tillers and he gets between me and the tiller and helps me till the garden.

Wanda Leatherwood

I am a student on the Literacy Council Board and they make me feel good about myself and important. Sometimes people with more education make me feel like nothing and make me feel like I'm not worth much. I like bowling and sports and crafts. My tutor tells me that I do good work and this means a lot to me.

Bluffing Your Way Through Life

When I was fifteen my father had a stroke. I quit school and went to work in a laundry. I changed jobs when I could find a job making more money. All this time I was bluffing my way through jobs. Because I couldn't hardly read or spell.

I put my application in at Champion papers. I told them I needed a job. My father worked here and now he has had a stroke and I need a good job so I can by some food and fuel. So they gave me a test. But I just bluffed my way through it. This was a big break for me. I got the job. I went to work in the finishing room. The first job I worked was on the sorting line and from job to job until I could do every job in the finishing room. I would take my order sheet and find my labels that match the order. Very few people didn't know that I couldn't read or spell good.

Champion laid off a lot of people eight years after I had went to work. So I got laid off with about three hundred more women.

I have worked many more jobs in my life. Very few people didn't know that I couldn't read or spell good.

So if you can't read or spell good. Take my advice go back to school and learn. Don't try to bluff your way. It's better that way. You will enjoy life much better.

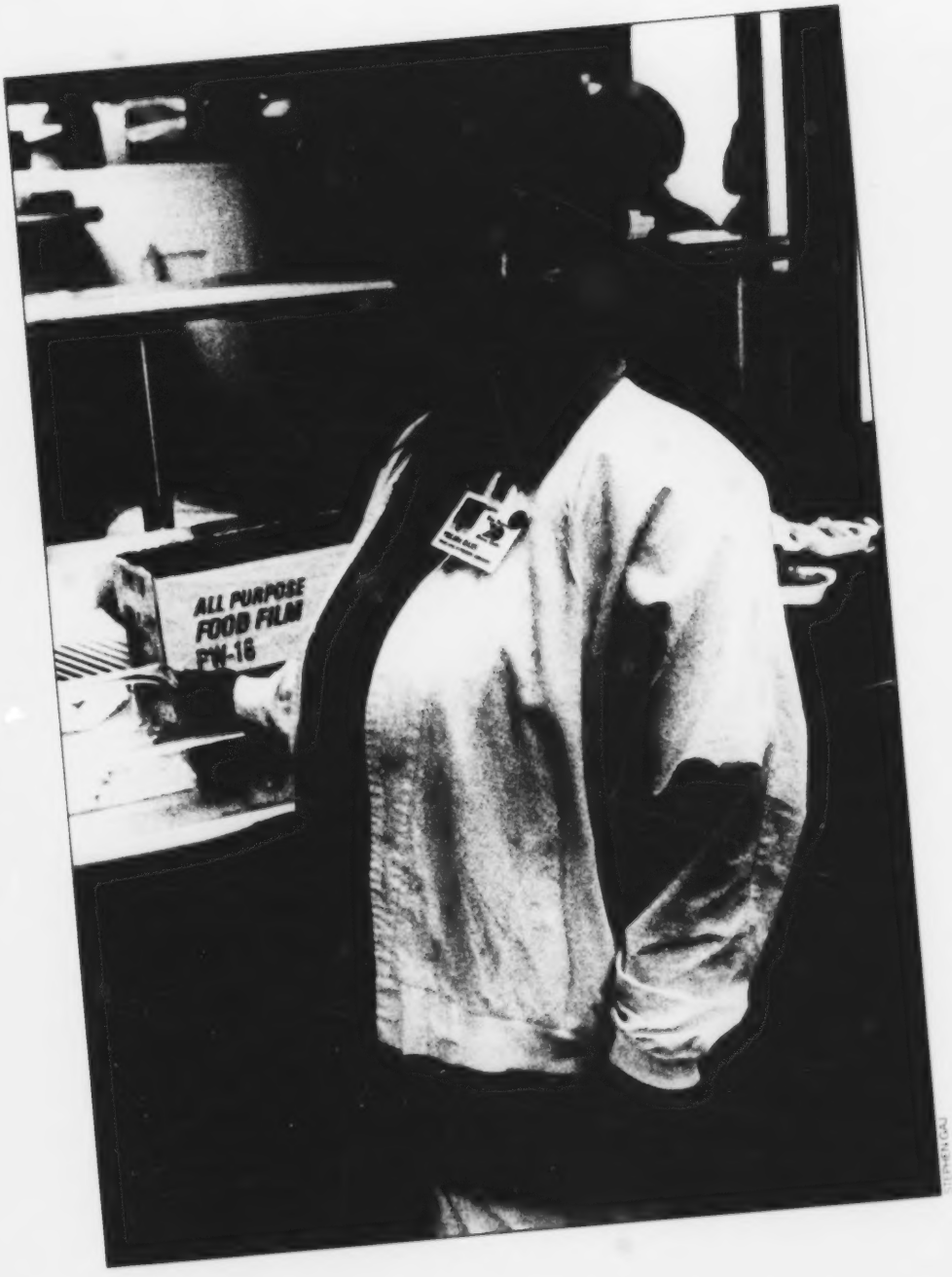
Joyce Anderson

I enjoy reading, writing and learning. Recycle and Read is very important to those who need it. Everyone should have the chance to benefit from a program like this.

Sunday Morning Breakfast

When I was a child I can remember my mom preparing our Sunday morning breakfast. We would wake up to the smell of frying chicken and coffee brewing on the stove. The old house would be warm and comfortable. Mom with her hair rolled up and her quilted robe on and her made up face. Standing at the stove turning the chicken over. Singing her church song, "Go Tell It On The Mountain." Her voice sounded so sweet and clear.

Velma Bass



I enjoy being in the Recycle and Read Program because it helps me to advance. It helps now on the job at Duke University Medical Center and at home.

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Summer in the Country

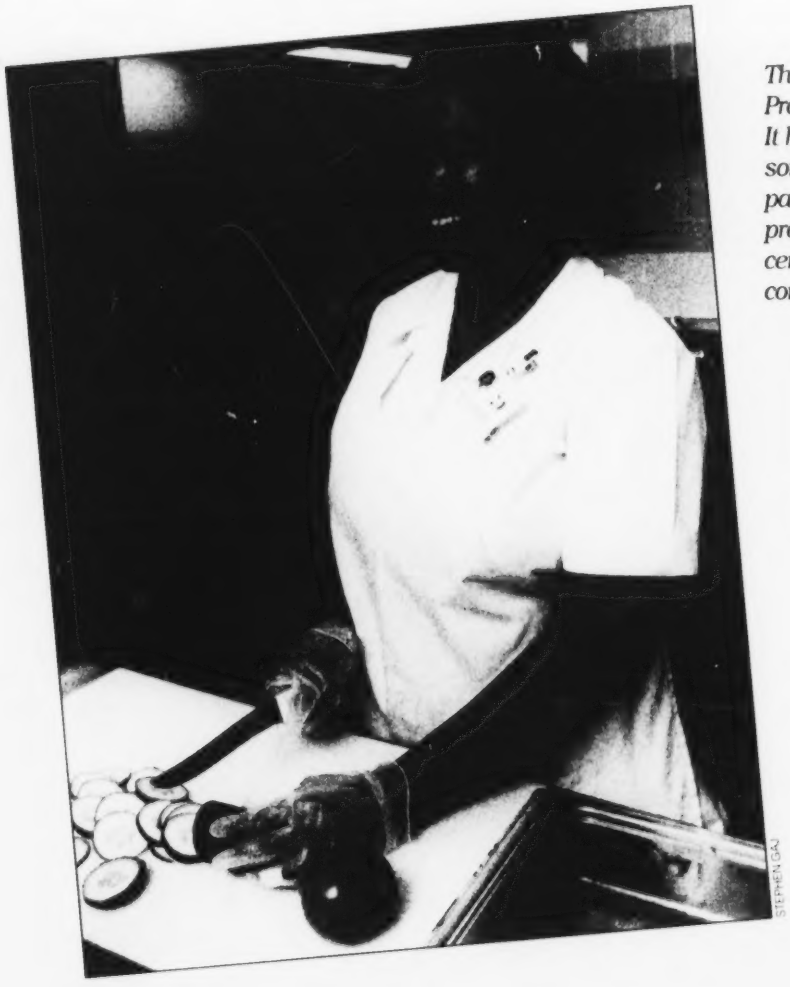
My brother and I went to the country to spend the summer with my grandparents when school was out. My brother and I were playing hop scotch in the yard one evening. I told my brother I'm tired of playing the game. Let's go and get us some watermelon out of grandad's garden. Grandad sold watermelon to people in the community. My grandad always thumped the watermelon to make sure it was right to pick and sell. My brother and I went barefooted in the grassy garden looking for the right melon. We didn't have a knife to cut the melon. My brother got a stick and we thumped and cracked open ten melons. The melon smelled like honeysuckle. My brother and I sat in the garden and ate, our stomachs full until my grandma missed us and came looking for us. She found us all washed in watermelon juice sitting in the garden. That was my last day I went in my grandad's garden messing around in his melon patch.

Velma Bass

My Grandfather

As I got older I thought that a person who had a good education could go a longer way in life than a person who had no education at all. But I think of my grandfather who was not an educated person. The little education that he did receive was through my grandmother. She taught him how to read and write his name and tell time. I remember listening to him playing the piano without reading a note. But he was good at memorizing the music by ear. He built his own house without someone giving him instruction on what to do. His English was broken with slang and he slurred when he spoke which made it hard for me to understand as a child. For instance, he would call a cracker a cookie, a cookie a cake. And he would be corrected many times when doing that. He would always be a patient person during the times his English was corrected. That's one of the things I admire about him. He never did get impatient when he couldn't get something out—he would work on it until he got it out. He always told me to stay in school and get the education that he could never get. But my own definition of education is when you feel good about yourself and knowing what you want to do. And you take the challenge in life in going to school and putting your best effort into it to excel and do well. And believe you can do it well.

Anza Shaw Langley



The Recycle and Read Program really helped me. It has enabled me to take some college courses as a participant in a job-training program here at the medical center. I want to go into the computer program field.

The Story of Sandy Brooks

This is about this man I know his name is Sandy Brooks. He never went to school, but he's so bright and smart. He can't read, but he can write his name and he's very good in math. He can lay bricks, build houses, furniture and a whole lot of other things. He got his skills from watching others. He's self employed. He's a brick mason and a carpenter. To me I think he is quite gifted.

Gwen Cash

Mama

The trees are blossoming
The flowers are coming up
The kids are playing in the yard
The bus is coming up the street
The door is opening,
here comes my mother
she looks very tired
her movements look like
she's in slow motion.
I run to give my mother some help.
I ask her how was her day
"Good" she replies
It is o.k. baby.
Once we go to the house
She would put down her purse,
wash up and
go to the kitchen to prepare dinner
for my sisters and brother
I would tell my mother
I'll clean up you go rest.
She says, thank you baby.
She goes to sit down
in the rocking chair
and she fell to sleep.

I am a Food and Nutrition Department supervisor at Duke University Medical Center. I have been working with the Recycle and Read Program since it began in January of 1990. I have a nineteen-year-old daughter who is attending North Carolina Central University in education.

Ida Alston

Until recently, Ida Alston worked in Environmental Services at Duke University Medical Center. She enjoys writing poetry, discovering it as a wonderful way to release her energy.

Loving You

How can you stand there and tell me it's over.
Loving you has been a joyous thing.
Loving you through the winter and spring.
What else can I hope for and what else can it bring.

I've loved you in every way, what more can I say.
Let's just keep on Loving one another.
Then we won't have to look any further.

Walter McDonald

Walter McDonald is an employee of Nello Teer Company's Durham Quarry. He is enrolled in a workplace literacy program conducted by the Durham County Literacy Council at the quarry.

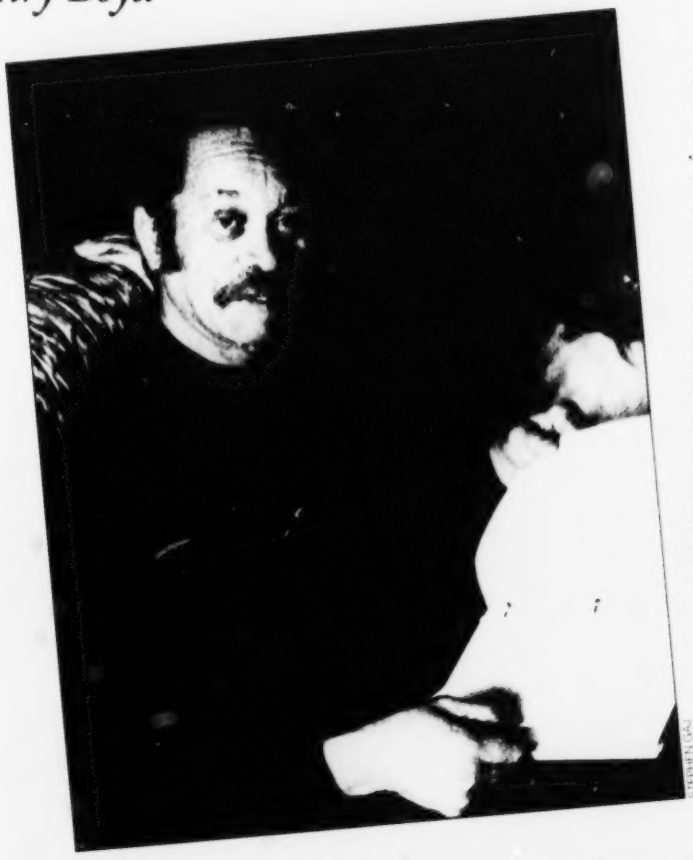
Dinner at Church

Years ago, back in my younger days, my parents were members of a big Church. The Church's name was Pleasant Grove Baptist. The Church was one mile south of St. Paul's N.C. on Route One.

One Sunday, back in the mid 60's, my parents got ready as well as all of us, my sisters, me, and my brothers. We got ready and went to Sunday school and Church Service, and dinner at Church.

At the time we did not have a dinner shelter. We had several long benches under the trees at the Church. All the people were serving the food from the benches to themselves. They had any kind of food you wanted. All the people formed a line beside the serving benches, and the servers gave the people any kind of plate they wanted. The people walked over to the next bench to eat. After all had eaten, they all took Service back in Church for the rest of the day.

Henry Boyd



I was born in Cary, N.C. on May 11, 1928. I had 11 brothers and sisters. My father was a farmer. I moved to Burlington in 1949 and started drilling water wells. Before that I was a cook at Procher's Restaurant in Cary. In 1973 I moved to Pennsylvania and worked in a steel mill. In 1987 I came back to Burlington and started working at Burlington Industries, where I am presently employed. I am married, have two daughters, one step-daughter and five grandchildren.

In the Late 30's and Early 40's

The time was hard for people to get by. To make a living sometime people could not find work. But there was always someone who would give you some food to help out till you could find some work. It did not mean money all the time. Sometime you would have to work in the field to pick beans or pull corn or to pick up potatoes.

In the early forties we did not have a good job. We were farmers at the time. My father lost the farm and then he got sick. Mother and I had to do the best we could. But by the help of God we were able to make it. Then I got a job as a dishwasher and potato peeler and went to work for five dollars a week. I was so glad I did not know really how to go about it. But the man was so nice to show me what to do.

After a while he said he was going to teach me to cook for him and that really made me feel good. He did and I enjoyed doing it. It was the best thing that I ever did in my young days.

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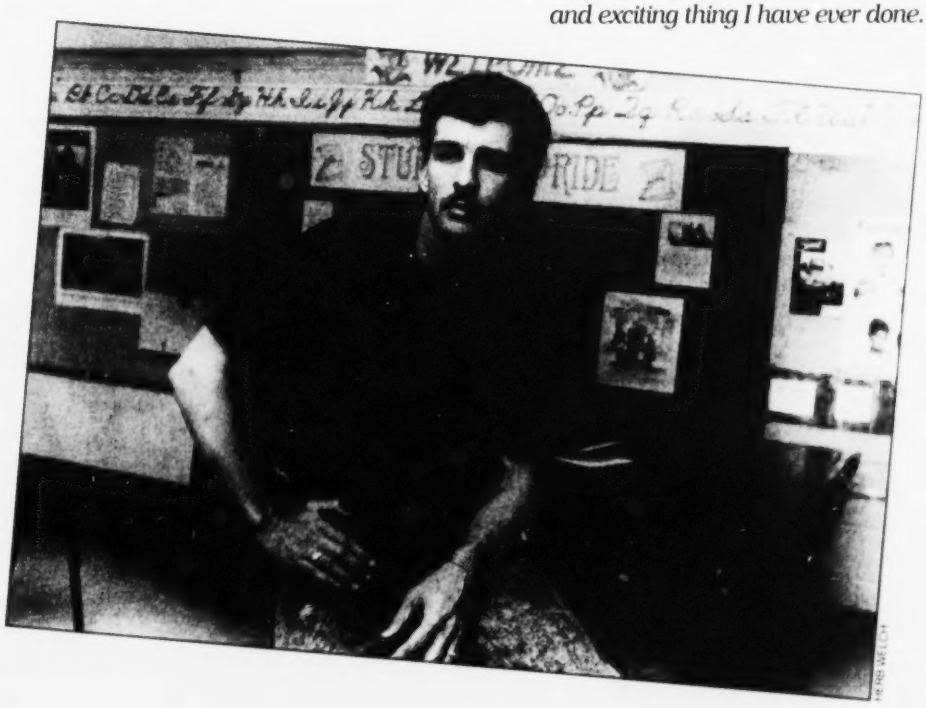
Richard Wilson

My name is Rick Wilson and I am thirty years old. The best thing that ever happened to me was my wife, Connie Wilson. The second best thing was making a decision to go back to school. I am presently attending STAR Adult Education Center to improve my writing skills. I remember the first and last time I went hog hunting because it was the most adventurous and exciting thing I have ever done.



Hog Hunting

I was at the age of 14 years old — I remember exactly how old I was. We proceeded to go to Bendale, Mississippi. So, we went to our hunting location, parked the truck, and got our hog dogs. They're pit bull hog dogs. So we walked, I'd say, close to 3 miles. So we turned the dogs loose and they barked, and ran, and barked, and ran and then finally we heard a sow screaming and we ran towards the sound. When we came up on the sow I know that she had hooked one dog, because it was hurt. You know hogs have tusks on them. We shot and killed her and cut a small tree to tote her back to the truck in. We got our dogs and loaded up the truck she weighed close to 400 pounds. We took her back to the house, hung her, and cleaned her. It was the most exciting adventure hunting in my life.

Eckerd Kenion

Listen

My grandson listen to me
The wooden slave ship came to the African shore
They bought us to a new land
Home, we never see anymore

Chained and bound under the gun
No place to hide and no where to run
We worked from sun-up to sun down
Grandson, listen to me

Then Abe said, "You are free."
Free to be what you want to be
The people in the South rebelled
Turning the country into a fiery hell

Grandson, listen to me
Kennedy, King and Malcolm X came
They did not play the waiting game
We marched prayed and sang
Then things began to change

So grandson, keep the dream alive
Not only from nine to five
When you succeed in your climb
Do not leave your brother and sister behind.

The most exciting thing about Recycle and Read is that it has taught me how to express myself. I like to read and write.

Annie Taborn

I am a Diet Technician for the Food and Nutrition Services at Duke Hospital. I have been employed for five years and love the work I do. I am also enrolled in the Recycle and Read Program. This is a rewarding experience.

Aunt Emma

The person I admired the most in my life as a role model is my Aunt Emma. She did not finish high school in order to help out on the farm and help her parents with the younger set of brothers and sisters. Out of 9 children she was the oldest. She was married at the age of 19 and had 4 children. She worked and put 3 of her children through college. They taught her to read and write and do the things she really likes. For instance, she loves outdoor work. They taught her how to measure her flower bed. They also taught her how to budget her money, go to the grocery store and read prices and labels. This way, she didn't have to ask. She helped build an extra room on her house for her nursery school.

After her children were grown, she began keeping children in her home. That is another thing I admire about her. She loves children. Now retired, she is still going strong at the age of 87.

Ben Burton

I am now a clinical assistant in the Surgical Oncology Clinic at Duke University Medical Center. Soon I will be enrolled in school to become a registered nurse. I hope I will be successful in reaching my goals in life.

A Beautiful Woman

The person I admire the most, despite her not being well "educated," is my mother. She was good in cooking. She could make different dishes that were easy for her but hard for us without a recipe. I listened to her as she explained that when she was growing up her mother showed her how to make cakes, pies, etc. To me that's common sense. But she was best at being patient. When arguments or fighting arose, she would be very calm about it. She told us how she developed being patient. When her brothers and sisters started to argue and fight her mother would always be calm. Now I can see that having to raise twelve children indeed you would need to be patient. She was a model for all of her children by being so patient. Even though she never learned how to read and write she strived to be the best mother she could be. Now I realize that this is a real challenge and effort as I try to be more patient with my own children.

Macie Bare

My name is Macie Bare. I live in Burlington, N.C. I am a tenner-frame operator for Burlington Industries. My goal for this class is to learn a little better.

Hard Times

We worked as sharecroppers for very little money and long hours. Lived in a poor house. Go hungry and cold. Wear hand me down and a lot of people make fun of us and treat you like a dog and no one really care whether you live or die. Work in a mill make fair wages. But the government and other things take more from your check than you get and still not enough to go around. And you can still be hungry and cold, nowhere to live.

Arcell Magee

Now that I am grown, I realize how much my mother and father went through to raise a large family. My mother was blind, but she cooked, cleaned and took care of all of us from the time we were born. I love my folks and I know that what I learned as a child has helped me to love and understand people better today.

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My People

I am from a large family. My Father was born in Tylertown, Mississippi, on August 15, 1907. He was reared on a farm. At the age of twenty he was married to Miss Wilkie Lee. To that union were born 17 children. We were a very happy family. We learn to work together and to help others. We would go to church on Sunday. After a days work we would gather around the fireplace and sing. My father would read Bible stories. Everyone had their chores or homework. We had pigs, cows, horses, chickens, ginnie, duck and turkey. We farm 300 acres, we plowed it with mule and horses.

Sheila Dufrene

Hope

As I look at the world around me,
It seems it has no hope.
Especially for the ones
Who have reached the end of their rope.

They search for anything to help them cope.
Most people turn to using dope.
Just looking for a little hope.

It makes me sad to see it this way.
In a world so hopeless and gray.
But what I'm really trying to say.
I think we should all kneel down and pray.
Because Jesus is the way,
To have Hope in this world today.

I am the proud mother of a beautiful daughter named Tasha. She is my pride and joy. I am a student at STAR Adult Education Center in Biloxi, MS. I hope to attend college very soon. I wrote "Hope" because it was one of my writing assignments. When I was asked to write it, I thought about what hope meant to me. I also thought about how hopeless it all seems. I think the only hope we have is prayer.

Hazel Rose

I was born in Waynesville, N.C. and attended Central Elementary School. I want to learn how to read and to get my G.E.D. I hope to become a tutor. My hobbies are painting and embroidery.

Making Mud Pies

I live in Waynesville. My brother and I made mud pies.

We used to get leaves and mud and pretend we owned a bakery.

We made all kinds of shapes out of the mud. We put berries on top of them for decoration. We had lots of customers to come to our bakery. We got real dirty, but it was fun.

Anonymous

Big Sister

My name is Rose. I was the baby of the family. I had two full sisters and three half sisters and a half brother. I was about seven years younger than the sister next to me.

One of my half sisters named Jean always took care of me. A lot of people thought that she was my mother. She carried me around on her hip and played with me.

When I was six years old my mother told me that I could sleep with Jean the next summer, but that spring she got married. I was so hurt that I didn't even talk to the man she was going to marry. Because he was taking someone that I really loved away from me.

After Jean got married, Joe her husband made her stay at home all the time. She had to work so hard. Cutting wood and taking care of the cows, and doing all the hard work. I guess because he wasn't good to her I never did care for him too much. She had to eat applesauce for breakfast and milk and bread for supper.

Joe didn't even give her money to buy clothes and shoes.

One day when they were at our house, Joe went to the outside toilet. He was so afraid of snakes. I put a play snake on the door knob. When he went back, he put his hand on the knob and it scared him. I was sitting on the fence watching him. I laughed and laughed. He was so mad at me. Jean lived with him about forty years. After he died, Jean was like a bird let out of a cage.

She started eating candy and crackers and meats that she had never got to eat.

Jean started getting fat. She lived five years after he died. We spent more time together than we had in the last forty years she was married to Joe.

Jean really enjoyed the last five years that she lived.

Victor Roby III

Victor Roby III was born in 1963 and he attended classes at Literacy Volunteers of Biloxi, MS. He was preparing for the G.E.D. test but he has since moved on.

My Goals

My goal is to learn how to read and write so that I can get a better job. I want to get my G.E.D. where I can learn to use computers. I want to get a better job with better pay so that I can buy my kids the little things that they want and not have to worry about the monthly bills. I want to get off of foodstamps and support my family by myself. I would like to make more money so I can fix my house up nice.

Sally Smith

The most exciting thing that I've learned is how to express myself through poetry. It gives me a feeling of great satisfaction to write.

37

Grandmother

A hard working woman with a whole lot of pride.
Her education she couldn't hide
Always speak when spoken to
She knew exactly what to do.

She was short and stout and she always like to wander about
A walk in the woods and name the trees.
Then she would tell us about the leaves.

A church going lady with a lot of soul
She would give each of us something of hers to hold.
She would laugh, she would cry
She would smile and she would sigh.

She's passed away, now she's gone
But she left her memories to carry on.
We love you grandmother and always will
Because she had so much love to give.

Darlene Parish

I have really enjoyed the unique way I have learned to express myself, especially through writing.

Memories of 1964

I remember back in '64 on a bright and
sunny Sunday afternoon after church, my parents
aunt and uncle decided to take
pictures of us kids.
I was only nine years old then, but I remember being excited
and very anxious.
The dress I wore was my favorite dress.
Striped with pleats and a big bow in the
back. My hair had ribbons and bows to match.
My siblings were younger and not excited at all. They wanted
to run and play. My older brother even cried. He wanted food.
(always hungry)
As I look at the picture today, 27 years
later, I see how happy and well taken care of
we were. Five children all looking very secure and content.
We were blessed.

Patricia Steele

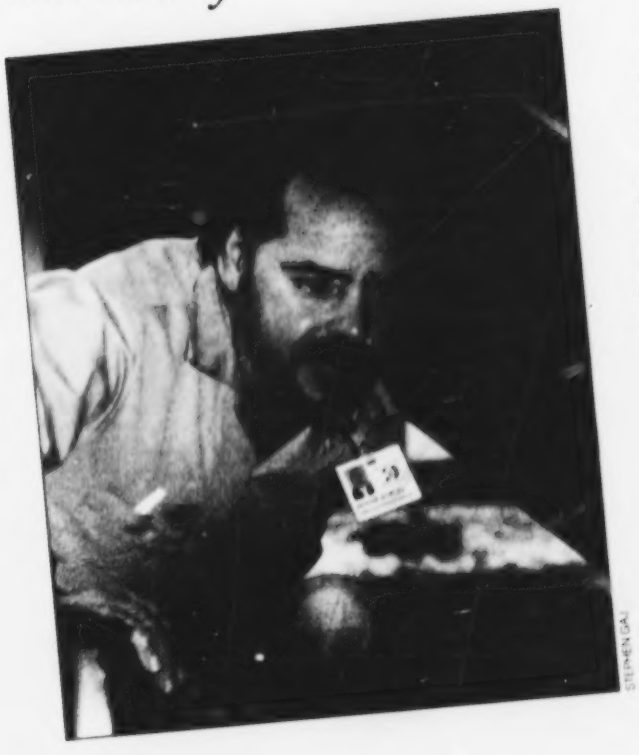
I owe thanks to my job. If I wasn't working here at the medical center, I couldn't be in the Recycle and Read Program. The program is helping me to achieve my goals to finish school and go to college.

Time Line

Children are not like they used to be,
There was a time when people could sit
outside at night and enjoy watching a
beautiful moon or starry sky.
You could even hear the neighbors sometimes
two or three houses from you singing, laughing,
and talking to one another.
Some would have Bible study until late evening.
That's the time people loved and cared about one
another.

Now on a starry night someone is being robbed or killed
and instead of neighbors singing, someone's screaming
in the night for help.
You go on the porch at night for a breath of fresh
air and the only air you get is the smell of reefer.

Donnie Hawley



I have been at Duke for five years in the Food and Nutrition Department in catering services. I am the truck driver. I transfer food from South Hospital to the Searle Center where they have special functions. The Recycle and Read program has helped me a lot.

The Garden

It is a hard job to keep it
green and clean
You plant the seed
and you wait
and wait
until it comes up
And you cultivate it
then you pick it
and you eat it
freeze it or can it
I give some away
and sell some too
The hardest vegetable to
grow is okra
The easiest to grow
is green beans

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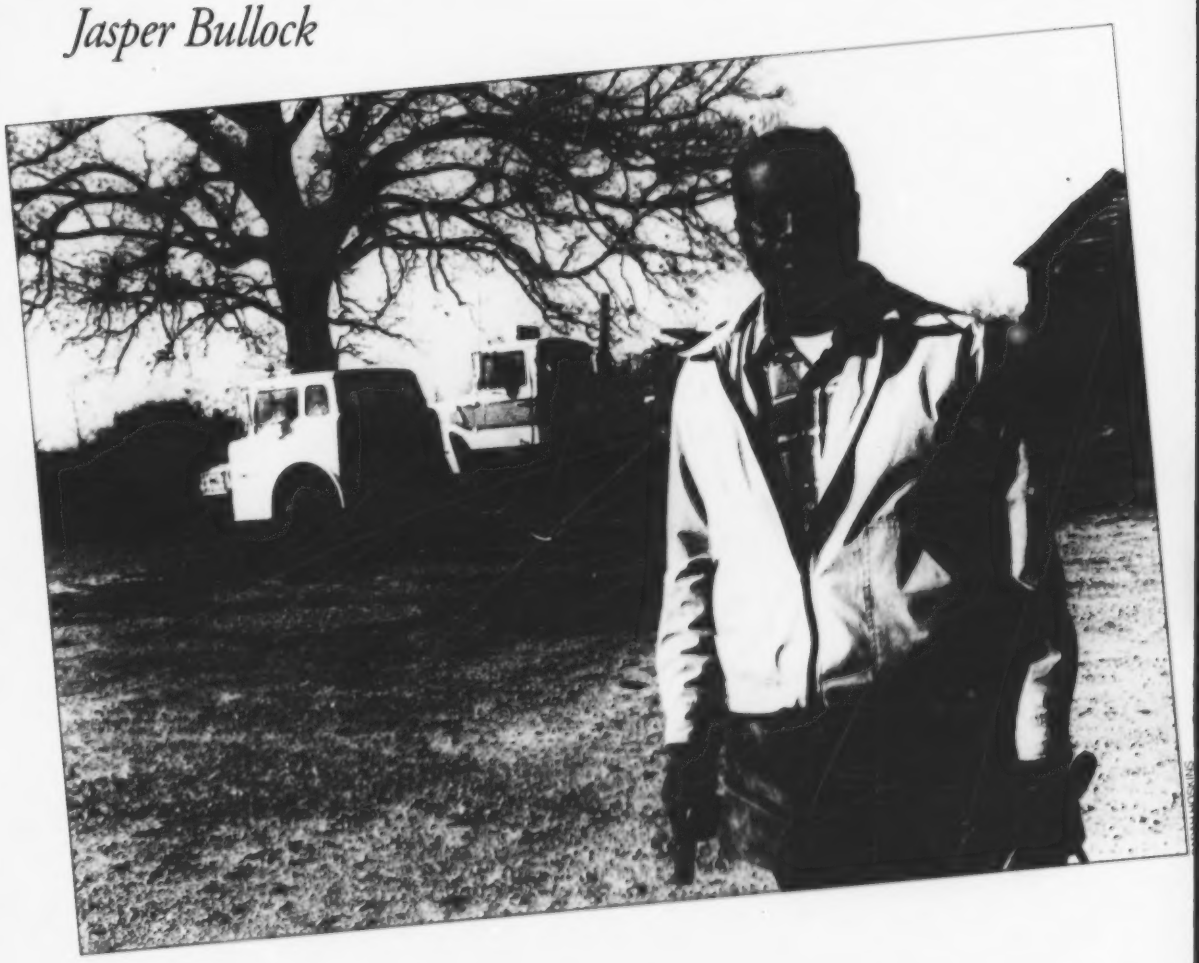
Veronica Burt

Memorable Moments

One of my most memorable moments that I can remember is my mother making homemade oatmeal cookies. We used to gather around the table just to watch her make them. And the house smelled of those cookies baking in the oven. On one particular afternoon the cookies were finished baking and they were cooling on top of the stove. Me, being the oldest, convinced my two brothers at that time that we could eat all those cookies up before my mother got up from her nap. I was six years old when I got that beating for "being a leader of the pack."

Jasper Bullock



My name is Jasper Bullock. I was born in Vance County in 1937 and went to school in Vance County to Nutbush Number One School. I went to the eighth grade and dropped out of school. Later I went to New Jersey to work and got a job at Western Electric Company for thirty-one years. Then I retired. Now I am going back to school to get my G.E.D. I thank God for Vance Granville Community College in Warrenton, N.C.

What is Stress?

I think stress is part of man's thinking.
We all talk about stress.
Stress comes when you are overloaded in mind, and lacking of knowledge and do not understand many things about life.
How to overcome stress—we must talk about the thing that is troubling us.
I try to understand life better to release my stress.

How to Use Student Writing in the Classroom

by Jereann King

When I think about my own reading interest and enjoyment, I'm usually interested in reading pieces written by authors who have had experiences similar to my own and write about topics to which I can relate. I believe these criteria hold true for most readers and are especially true for new adult readers.

Not By Myself is a magazine of writers' works that span a broad range of topics: Remembering times past, reflections on special people, social concerns, family life and work.

The discussions that these pieces will generate in the context of the literacy class can provide teachers and students with opportunities for further writing and reading because new topics and questions will surely emerge.

In the literacy class, teachers can distribute copies of the magazine and ask students to find and read a piece that is of interest to them. Some students may want to read their selection aloud. Some students may want to have a piece read to them. When students finish reading their piece, ask them to talk about why they selected that particular piece. Why did they want to read it? Was it the length of the piece, the name or the photograph of the author, the title?

After this discussion, students can engage in a writing activity that responds to a piece in the magazine or the discussion questions. It may be helpful to start students off with a stem sentence like:

I like the story about stress because . . .

The stem sentence connects students directly to their thoughts and feelings about the topic and students won't be confronted with a blank sheet of paper. Some students may want to dictate their stories. After getting the stories written, those students who are willing can share their writing.

Reading and listening to the students' writings may raise another set of questions and issues for discussion and even more writing.

Another idea for using the magazine is to have students read the biographical notes of those who participated on the advisory editorial board and think about how these literacy students felt being editors. Is this something they feel that they can do and would like to try? Would they like to have their own writings published?

Not By Myself can be used outside the literacy class as well. Like any magazine, it can be displayed in office waiting rooms, in libraries, and other community settings. Its content will be of interest to readers on all reading levels.

The Student Advisory Board

The Student Advisory Board met for three Saturdays in fall, 1991 to help the Literacy South staff choose pieces for the magazine. They came from literacy programs in Waynesville, Burlington, Hendersonville, Kannapolis, and Wilson, North Carolina. The members wanted to share a little of their background and experience with readers of Not By Myself.

My name is Archie Alston. I was raised on a farm. There are four people in my family: My nephew, my mother and father, and me. My nephew seems to be a normal 10-year old, even though he lost his mother when he was two.

I have good parents. They have never let me down and they have always tried to help me.

I like working on publishing the magazine because I have learned a job that I can do even if I have a bad foot. It is a job that uses reading and spelling skills. I like learning new things, but I know I have to keep working on my spelling and reading skills to be able to have more opportunity in life.

I hope the magazine will be a success.

Archie Alston

My family is a very good family and I love them and I always will. We like to do things together and we like to visit and make friends. We also go to church.

Working on the magazine makes me feel very good. I am learning more and I hope it will make someone very happy when they read it.

Juanita Branch

Back home is South Carolina where I was born to a family of ten children; seven boys and three girls. I grew up on my Daddy's two horse farm. My first job away from home was cutting a right of way for a power line. I worked there for two weeks. I came back home and stayed for a few weeks. Then I moved to a small town—Kannapolis, NC.

I got a job working at a laundry. Then I was called into the army. When I got out of the army, I worked in a laundry and a cafe.

I went to work in Cannon Mills in 1947. I worked in Cannon Mills for 39 years. I also worked at a jewelry store. I retired from Cannon Mills as a supervisor.

I enjoy work with Piedmont Peace Project. I think PPP do great work, it have long arms. Just to name a few of the things it do is register people to vote, get people to the poll, going in areas where people need help: Jobless, homeless, in areas where there is low standard of living. I am a deacon in the church and the superintendent of the Sunday School Department. Oh, my hobby is fishing. I go fish every chance I get.

It was great working with the group on the magazine.

Richard Brown

My name is David Case. I am 23 years old. I live in Hendersonville, NC. I work at Long John Silvers. I bus tables. I also work at Conveyor. I am a janitor there. I have enjoyed working on this magazine. It has been fun. I would like to do it again.

David Case

Many of you have shared with me my hopes and fears, my joys and sorrows, my victories and defeats as I wrote about events in my life. Doing this as class work has been as a cleansing and renewing to me. It has been like a miracle for now with faith, I look toward the future with hope, and sharing experiences of others through writings, I have become more sensitive of and concerned about people around me. This makes my life richer, fuller, and more enjoyable for I know everyone has some sort of "cross to bear."

I cannot end this writing without giving thanks to my family; my mother, sister, my two sons, and some other real good friends who stood by me when I felt my future was very bleak. Now as I acknowledge God as my Director, I can look forward to a future with much hope and a great deal of faith.

Theresa E. Hanner

My name is Lavonne Myrick. I was born in Wilson, NC on Greene St., May 20, 1938. My mother had ten girls and four boys. My mother raised me until I was eight years old, and after my father died, my mother's oldest sister came to get me to live with her and my uncle on a farm.

Participants at the first student advisory group meeting held in Durham, NC. Pictured from left to right in back: Alberta Roseman, Laura Starkey, Nance King, Lavonne Myrick, Curtis Yellock, Theresa Hanner, Joseph Umstead, Richard Krawiec, Mildred Best, Archie Alston. In front: Richard Brown, Jereann King, Page McCullough, Juanita Branch, Vicki Stewart, David Case and Thomas Rice.

While I was growing up, I went to a three-room school that had a pot-bellied stove. In the summertime, we cropped tobacco and picked cotton. At home, we did not have electricity and we had outside bathrooms. We had a heater and it had proms all around it. My sister would get it red hot, then she would put the smoothing iron around it so she could iron our clothes.

I was married to James Myrick, but he is now deceased. I have three children, two girls and one boy. I also have five grandchildren, three girls and two boys.

I am enrolled in a literacy class in Wilson. I am going to this class to help me to pass a test to get my cosmetology license and with the teacher's help, I know I will pass it this time. I was told that we were to go to Durham and talk about a magazine we were to publish. I met lots of people and new happy faces and I already enjoyed them and they served us a very nice lunch. I got a lot out of each session and it helped me to know that I'm someone special and have confidence in myself.

Lavonne Myrick

My name is Thomas Rice. I live in the big town of Canton, N.C. I am 19 years old. I work construction, laying pipe for now. But I would like a better job. I go to school two nights a week. I attend an ABE class hoping to get my GED, so I can go to bigger and better things. I enjoyed going to Durham and working on the magazine.

Thomas Rice

I am 75 years old. God has blessed me with very good health and a mind to do. I love people and over the years I have been involved in many Church and community organizations plus a full time job. I have never been without a job of some kind.

I worked at a poultry for 20 years and six of those years I was supervisor of the picker room department and everyone called me mama.

I have been a registrar for over 15 years. After I joined PPP I really got in high gear, with their help. PPP is a wonderful organization to help communities and state to be a better place to live. If it had not been for them, I would not have the opportunity to help put this magazine together, and meet so many wonderful people.

Thanks for everything and my supportive family.

Alberta Roseman

I was born in Nash County on a farm near Red Oak as a sharecropper's son. When I became six years old, I started to go to school and we had to walk three miles. I was next to the oldest of 19 children—9 girls and 10 boys. We moved from Red Oak to Nashville, NC and that's when I quit school. The teacher put a problem on the board. I got the right answer, but did not work it the way she want it.

I worked on a farm until I was 20 years old. Then I worked in junkyard, making $37.50 a week. Then I started building fire engines and after 20 years I started my own repair shop business called Joe's Enterprises. I can fix almost anything. I found out how bad I needed an education to sign papers and fill out forms and even write my own checks.

I really want to be a part of this magazine. It make me feel that I am really somebody and doing something worthwhile and it help others that's struggling to try to learn to read and write and speak correctly.

Joseph Umstead

For me, there were some especially good and bad times for me. And from this magazine which you are about to read.

I hope it share the warm and confidence to you, as it has to me of some of the most courageous and exciting story of all times.

For me I would like to compliment each and every one of them for a fine job well done. And for sharing the love to others as well as themselves. Remember we all are God's children, and may this be as joyful to you as it has been to me, and I would like to say thank you all for a job well done.

Curtis Yellock

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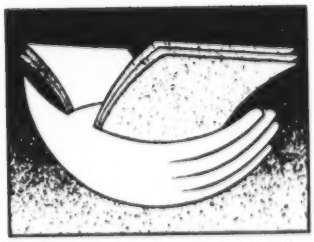

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